Der Spiegel 17. Juni 1985

Der freundlich lächelnde Despot

SPIEGEL-Redakteur Klaus Umbach über den italienischen Dirigenten Carlo Maria Giulini

Nein, er hat keine Launen wie Sergiu Celibidache, das Kräutlein Rührmichnichtan.

Er macht auch keine neckischen Hopser auf dem Podium, wirft keine Handküsse ins Orchester, knutscht nicht nach dem Schlußakkord das halbe Tutti ab wie Leonard Bernstein, der große Showmaster.

Und nichts hat er gemein mit Karajan dem Allmächtigen und dessen imperialen Allüren. Für den multimedialen Eiertanz, bei dem der Kollege den Ton und die Tantiemen angibt, rührt er nicht einen Finger. Keine PR, keine Skandale, kein Chichi. Souverän wie ein Doyen und demütig wie der heilige Franziskus waltet der Italiener Carlo Maria Giulini, 71, seines Amtes: Er dirigiert.

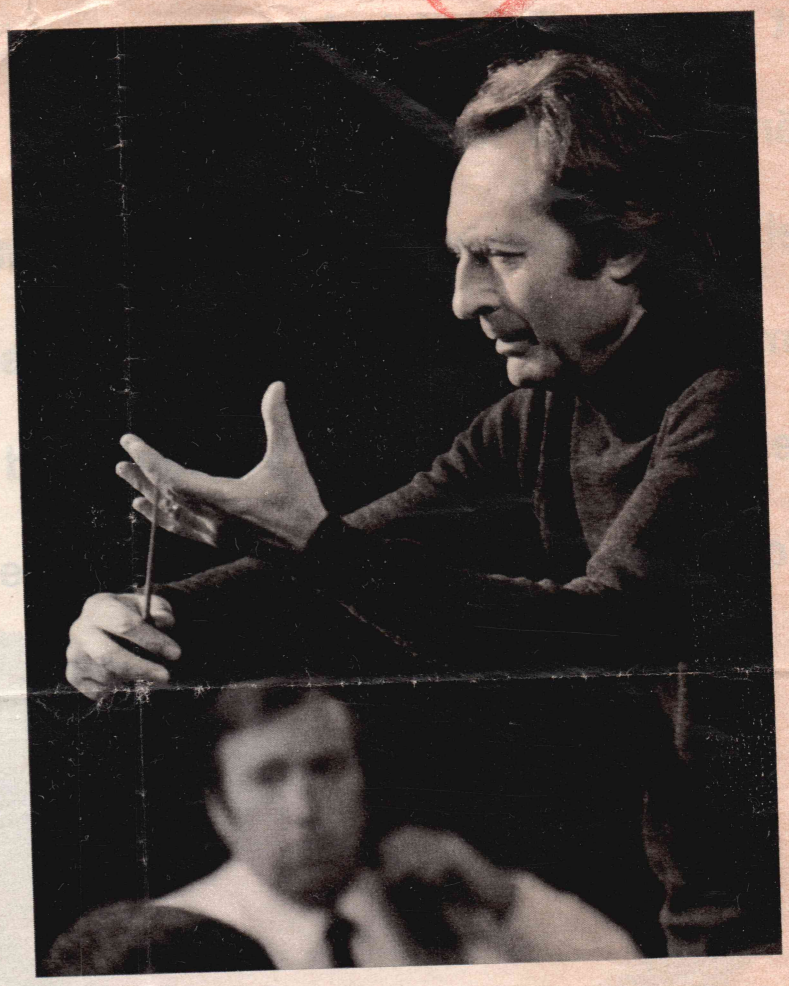
Die „New York Times" hat ihn einmal mit mildem Spott „San Carlo of the Symphony" genannt und mit allem Ernst von der „Giulini epiphany" geschrieben, von einer göttlichen Erscheinung auf Erden. Auf dem Rummelplatz der internationalen Kapellmeister ist er jedenfalls ein Fossil.

An einem frühen Morgen Ende April dieses Jahres fragte ein Kritiker des „Corriere della Sera" in Giulinis Mailänder Wohnung an, ob der Maestro wohl schon die Nachrichten gehört habe. Er hatte nicht und folglich auch keine Ahnung, daß Karajan „meinen lieben Freund Giulini" am Abend zuvor als seinen „idealen Nachfolger" als Chef des Berliner Philharmonischen Orchesters ins Gerede gebracht hatte.

Giulini reagierte, wie es seine Art ist, höflich, überlegen, ganz der Cavaliere, der auch die scheinbar großherzige, in Wahrheit unverschämte Plumpheit des Kollegen mit verbindlichen Worten adelt: Erstens wünsche er Karajan noch ein langes Leben und Wirken mit seinem Orchester; zweitens fühle er sich durch die Offerte „in höchstem Maße geehrt und gerührt"; drittens aber müsse man bei der ganzen Berliner Diskussion „die Dimension des Orchesters" und „die Dimension des künftigen Chefdirigenten" äußerst sorgfältig abwägen. Also: nein, danke.

Da Giulini so lauter denkt, wie er spricht, kann man ihm glauben, daß er kein Arg fühlt an der Dreistigkeit, mit der Karajan ihn da ohne Anfrage, Rücksprache, geschweige denn Aussprache einfach aus dem Frackärmel in die Spalten der Weltpresse geschüttelt hatte.

Überhaupt nur „zwei- oder dreimal" haben sich die beiden alten Herrn bislang „mehr zufällig" getroffen, wie es eben so zugeht auf den Umschlagplätzen der Kulturschaffe. *Ein* wirkliches Gespräch aber hätte Karajan die Augen öffnen müssen, daß Giulini niemals der Mann sein kann und will, der auf dem kommerziellen Verschiebebahnhof namens Berliner Philharmonie die Knöpfe drückt.



Dirigent Giulini: Luxuriös kleines Repertoire

Denn „der stille Gigant" („Corriere della Sera") dirigiert Musik als „Mysterium", und wenn er dirigiert, dann „dient" er. Er muß „jede Note einer Partitur lieben, sonst bleibt mir das Werk fremd". Er sieht sich, ohne jede Koketterie, als „ganz einfachen Menschen, der mit Hingabe für jene Genies da ist, die die Welt und die Menschheit reicher gemacht haben". Karajan sieht sich vermutlich ganz anders.

Im heutigen Konzertunwesen, in dem alle die Maazels, Mehtas und Mutis den Stab nur noch im Intercity-Tempo wechseln, ist Carlo Maria Giulini der konsequente Außenseiter mit dem altmodischen Stehvermögen, die stille Autorität zwischen lauter Marktschreiern. „Er unterscheidet sich von vielen taktierenden Kollegen", schrieb vor ein paar Jahren die Zeitschrift „FonoForum" mit feinem Hintersinn, „wie Sokrates von einem flotten Talkmaster."

Mit Karajan, Bernstein und Solti liegt er, auch bei der (geschätzten) Abendgage von gut und gerne 25 000 Mark, ganz vorn in der Weltspitze. Aber keiner macht sich so rar wie er, allenfalls noch der kapriziöse Carlos Kleiber. Doch anders als dieser unberechenbare Kollege, anders auch als Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, die italienische Mimose am Pianoforte, ist auf Giulini, wenn er zusagt, Verlaß. Er fände es aus Respekt vor dem Publikum einfach unanständig, ein Konzert platzen zu lassen.

Kein Musiker seiner Erfahrung und seines Könnens erlaubt sich andererseits

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ein so luxuriös kleines Repertoire. Vor Bach tut sich nichts bei Giulini, nach (frühem) Strawinski nur noch ganz wenig: „Ich habe eine Grenze, dort, wo mein Gefühl nicht mehr hinkommt.

Kurz nach Kriegsende überredete ihn ein Freund, „für die musikhungrigen Menschen in Rom" die Brandenburgischen Konzerte von Bach aufzuführen. Der Zwiespalt, mit dem er sich damals quälte, macht Giulini bis heute zu schaffen: „Einerseits fühlte ich die Verpflichtung, den Leuten nach der Katastrophe Musik nahezubringen; andererseits spürte ich meine Unvollkommenheit, für Bach noch nicht reif zu sein."

Er dirigierte, „aber nur mit großem Respekt, nicht mit Liebe". Am Ende hatte er ein „schlechtes Gewissen gegenüber dem Komponisten" und zog voller Schuldgefühle die Konsequenzen: 15 Jahre lang rührte er öffentlich keine einzige Note von Bach mehr an.

Auch seine vergleichsweise unauffällige, wiewohl von Lobeshymnen begleitete Weltkarriere mit Mailand, Rom, London, Wien, Chicago und zuletzt Los Angeles als Fixpunkten hat ihn nicht von seiner Selbstbescheidung abbringen können. Noch zwischen den Eversellern von Klassik und Romantik wählt er mit Extravaganz aus.

Während die Marketingeltangler der Branche bedenkenlos am liebsten immer dieselben Zugnummern abziehen, legt der Maestro aus Mailand jede Note auf die Goldwaage seines Gewissens, wenn's sein muß: jahrelang. Einige Symphonien von Bruckner und Mahler, mit denen junge Kapellmeister hausieren gehen, hat dieser radikale Konservative bis heute nicht angerührt: „Da bin ich noch nicht drin, da warte ich noch ab." Auch mit 71 und später möchte er „noch Entdeckungen machen".

Von der Oper, jener Gattung, die ihm am meisten am Herzen liegt, hat er sich mittlerweile fast völlig zurückgezogen. Die Regisseure sind ihm zu einfältig oder zu provokant, jedenfalls nicht sach-, also musikdienlich genug. Die Stimmen, die er braucht, „gibt es praktisch längst nicht mehr". Das Affentheater mit den Damen und Herren Stars, die einfliegen, auftreten, kassieren, abheben, macht er nicht mit.

Er will, wo Musik sich mit Szene, Text mit Handlung und Handlung mit Klang verbindet, jedes Kostüm begutachten, jede Bewegung überprüfen, jeder Probe beiwohnen. Zum wiederholten Male schwärmt er von jenen idealen Arbeitsbedingungen, als er mit Maria Callas und dem Regisseur Luchino Visconti Verdis „Traviata" einstudierte und drei Wochen vor der ersten Klavierprobe praktisch Tag und Nacht über „alle Fragen des Dramaturgischen" diskutieren konnte. Das Ergebnis machte denn auch Theatergeschichte, und Giulini war fortan verdorben für den Schludrian des herkömmlichen Opernbetriebs.

Als er im April 1982, nach 14 Jahren Abstinenz vom Musiktheater, doch noch einmal schwach wurde und in Los Angeles (und später in London) Verdis „Falstaff" dirigierte, „durfte praktisch zwei Monate lang niemand das Theater ohne wichtigen Grund verlassen". Wenn es um die Qualität einer Aufführung geht, ist der sonst so konziliante Giulini ein freundlich lächelnder Despot.

Für sich genommen, sind die meisten seiner Bekenntnisse und Forderungen eine Spur zu pompös, gerade so, als sei das Studium von Noten und das Kommando über ein Orchester stets ein inbrünstiger Akt religiöser Versenkung. Tatsächlich aber muß Giulini Noten ergründen, sich in Partituren vertiefen, dem Orchester, anstatt Order zu geben, als „gleichberechtigter Musiker ohne Instrument" gegenübertreten.

Er schürft und bohrt, grübelt mit Leidenschaft, bevorzugt langsame Tempi mit gewaltigen Steigerungen bis zur thematischen Zerreißprobe. Als Italiener kann er, wie sein großes Vorbild Toscanini, auch einen hochgedrillten Klangkörper singen lassen, und Stimme ist Mensch, Mensch ist alles für Giulini. Wohl auch deshalb ist ihm Richard Wagners „Ring des Nibelungen" mit „all seinen Über- und Untermenschen" bis heute fremd.

Mit dem schönheitstrunkenen Karajan teilt er den Wunsch nach absoluter instrumentaler Perfektion. Doch während Karajan bei seinen klanglich ausgetüftelten Designs oft kaum mehr erreicht als kalte Pracht und die unnahbare Glätte von makellosem Schleiflack, wirkt die Präzision bei Giulini auf wundersame Weise humaner. Es ist wohl was dran, daß Interpretation immer auch Spiegelbild der Persönlichkeit des Interpreten ist.

Regisseur Visconti
Ideale Arbeitsbedingungen

Dieselben Skrupel, mit denen sich Giulini den Zugang zum flotten Musikgeschäft selbst verweigert, bremst auch seine Aktivitäten im Plattenstudio. Marktgesetze lassen ihn kalt. Sein Plattenangebot ist, an Alter und Renommee des Dirigenten gemessen, fast dürftig, aber auch ohne Luschen: Mozarts „Don Giovanni" etwa, das Requiem und „Rigoletto", „Troubadour", „Don Carlos" und „Falstaff" von Verdi, Mahlers und Bruckners Neunte Symphonie sind Kostbarkeiten im stereophonen Supermarkt.

Jetzt hat Giulini seinen hohen Standard sogar noch übertroffen: Seine Aufnahme von Bruckners Achter mit den Wiener Philharmonikern (Deutsche Grammophon) ist eines der hinreißendsten Dokumente der gesamten Schallplattengeschichte – ein einmaliger Wurf wie Furtwänglers „Tristan" oder Erich Kleibers „Figaro".

Vor allem der langsame Satz, mit 29'16" Spieldauer länger als die meisten Mozart-Symphonien, verläuft mit seinem eindringlichen Streicherklang und der bronzenen Bläserpracht wie eine bedeutungsschwere Prozession durch die Gedanken- und Glaubenswelt des streng katholischen Wagner-Verehrers Bruckner. Wenn je der sinnliche Überdruck von „Tristan und Isolde" bis in den Konzertsaal vorgedrungen ist, dann in diesem aufwühlenden Adagio und dem philharmonischen Hochamt, das Giulini daraus macht.

Auf diese, Giulinis Weise, hat somit auch Bruckner erreicht, was sein Bayreuther Abgott gehofft haben mag, als er über „Tristan" mutmaßte, vollständig gute Aufführungen müßten „die Leute verrückt machen". ◆

Opernstar Maria Callas in „La Traviata"
Theatergeschichte gemacht

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Note particularly pp. 128 & 131, & compare with items in other enclosure.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Vintages

ORLANDO DE LASSUS was a prolific composer: the work list in the New Grove fills eighteen columns of small type. The domestic record companies treat him scantily: just four discs are noted in the December Schwann catalogue. Shortly before his death, in 1594, Lassus published a collection of motets and, introducing them, looked back to the gay, festive works of his springtime and likened them to "arbors covered with new vines, ornamented with a luxuriant growth of shoots and tendrils . . . more pleasing to the eye than old vines, set out in rows and tied to stakes and props, but with their stocks roughened and split open by age." The young vines bear little, while the old vines, he said, "yield a liquor that is most sweet to mankind." His early works are more likely to please, but he has come to think that the "venerable if less melodious" compositions of his late years "reveal in their sound more substance and energy, and afford a profounder pleasure to the mind and the ear."

It is Lassus' four-hundred-and-fiftieth-birthday year, and Cappella Nova celebrated it last week with a "Christmas service" given at St. Joseph's, in the Village. (The program was repeated a week later at Corpus Christi, on Morningside Heights.) There were Advent, Christmas, and Epiphany motets; the Ordinary was a composite assembled (except for the Kyrie) from Mass movements based on the motets, and the Proper was drawn from items in the "Patrocinium Musices" unpublished since the sixteenth century and newly transcribed for the concert. In a program note, Richard Taruskin, the director of Cappella Nova, suggested that in the year when Stravinsky's hundredth and Haydn's two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthdays have been widely celebrated too little attention has been paid to the third birthday boy, who is "every bit the equal of the other two in eminence and significance." Mr. Taruskin and his singers are ardent advocates who turn whatever they touch into glowing sound. The exclamatory cry that bounds up through an octave at the start of Lassus' "Videntes stellam;" the sudden triadic consolidation, a burst of glory after the voices have been treading mazy paths, in "Multifariam multisque modis;" the polyphony that breaks out like spring flowers, each a new and different delight, from the chant phrases of a Christmas sequence were sung with rare freshness and feeling. They were high points in an evening that never failed to afford profound pleasure to the mind and the ear.

In the July issue of *The Journal of Musicology*, there is an essay by Mr. Taruskin, "On letting the music speak for itself." He takes for his starting point a charge that Cappella Nova performances are "arbitrary and overly personal." What *he* considers arbitrary is "the flat dynamic and the lack of phrasing, that is, of molding lines to their high points, which characterize so many so-called 'objective' performances of Renaissance music." Because A is wrong, it does not follow that Z is right. I, too, feel that Cappella Nova performances are sometimes overemotional, and do so not on any "musicological" ground (who knows what the Bavarian ducal choir sounded like?) but because the striving for ever more fervent expressiveness can lead to forced tone and, on occasion, impure consonance. Lassus was admired in his day for his rhetorical power; his Penitential Psalms, with their vivid word painting, posit a vividly dramatic performance. But in some of the calmer pieces of the Christmas program a calmer, less tense approach, a suppler play of line against line might have made the music still more moving and beautiful. Yet the fault, if it be deemed one, was a fault on the right side. Everything the Cappella Nova did was alive and urgent. Of Lassus, we seldom get more than a tasting. This was a feast.

ABOUT ten years ago, the musical fires in Carlo Maria Giulini seemed to die: the great high tragedian, Callas's collaborator at La Scala, the unforgettable conductor of Covent Garden's "Don Carlos," "Il Trovatore," and "La Traviata," grew dull. (In comedies—"The Barber," "Falstaff"—he had always been unsmiling, unsparkly.) His annual Verdi Requiem became tame and mannered. It can happen to conductors. It had happened to Rudolf Kempe, who for three years, 1955-57, conducted Covent Garden's annual "Ring" cycles with increasing mastery and was

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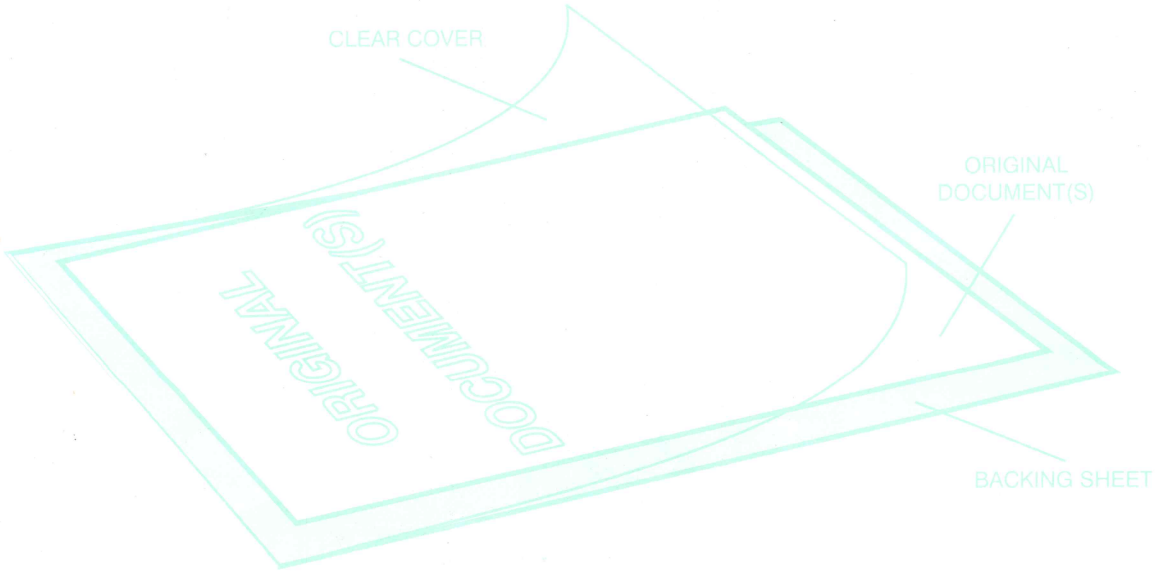

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phrasing. But the slow movement fell into rhapsodic incoherence and sentimentality; it became a tone poem of passing emotions. The third and fourth movements were episodic, often noisy, and, finally, inflated. "Vulgar" is not an epithet one ever thought might come to mind during a Giulini performance. He is not a vapid, superficial conductor. He tries to do something, to say something, with the music he plays. But the finale of his Fifth was, if not exactly vulgar, at any rate blatant. Another epithet that suggested itself was "Hoffmannesque." Hoffmann's tale about the Fifth Symphony is famous:

> Beethoven's instrumental music opens the realm of the colossal and the immeasurable for us. Radiant beams shoot through the deep night of this region, and we become aware of gigantic shadows that, surging back and forth, close in on us and destroy all within us except the pain of endless longing—a longing in which every pleasure that rose up amid jubilant tones sinks and succumbs. Only through this pain, which, while consuming but not destroying love, hope, and joy, tries to burst open our breasts with a full-voiced general cry from all the passions, do we live on, enchanted beholders of spirits in the supernatural realm.

It might be "Tristan"—still half a century in the future—that Hoffmann is describing. As the symphony approaches its climax, it "leads the listener irresistibly onward into the wonderful spiritual realm of the infinite." The reiterated C-major chords of the close are no triumphant affirmation; they are disturbing, destructive of any resolute calm, and "have the effect of a fire that again and again shoots high its bright, blazing flames after one had believed it extinguished."

The wonderful spiritual realm of the infinite is where Mr. Giulini would fain dwell, according to the publicity he has been subjected to since assuming the Los Angeles post. At his concerts, one sometimes has the feeling that he has perhaps entered it and is rapt in platonic experience while his players and his listeners remain behind in a less than perfect world. They are left with sober blandness of execution, varied by some underlinings of the obvious, and with playing in which precision of attack and purity of wind intonation are counted mundane virtues that need not be strictly pursued. These are hard things to say about a high-minded man whose sincerity and earnestness are not in question. But much of what one reads about Mr. Giulini's performances seems to describe a legend

rather than the sounds that were actually made.

The account of the Beethoven Fifth, it should be added, was not fully Hoffmannesque, for the Hoffmann sentences quoted above accompany a careful analysis of the symphony the burden of which is that, while "for many people the whole work rushes by like an ingenious rhapsody"—its movements "linked together in a fantastic way"—what matters most is the apprehensible integrity of the score: "It is particularly the intimate relationship of the individual themes one to another which produces the unity that firmly maintains a single feeling in the listener's heart." The overheated, unbalanced performance was also uncharacteristic of Mr. Giulini's work. The Brahms Requiem done at the first of the Los Angeles concerts was more nearly in the vein of that simply pious, earthbound, prosaic Beethoven Ninth he conducted here three years ago. The Requiem—*pace* Bernard Shaw, who declared that it could be "borne patiently only by the corpse"—is neither gloomy nor dull. It is comforting in the old sense of the word—strong, consolatory, fortifying. In this performance, it slipped by almost without incident.

SANTIAGO RODRIGUEZ, a silver medallist at the 1981 Van Cliburn piano competition, gave an Alice Tully Hall recital last week. A biographical note in the program book began by observing that he "has been called a brilliant, extroverted pianist and a crowd-pleaser by the nation's most respected critics," but the recital revealed an unassertive, gentle, poetic player, untouched by flamboyance, although the possessor of an exceptionally fleet and fluent technique. He began with Bach's Second Partita and gave a delicately poised, sensitively phrased performance. Then came the first two intermezzi of Brahms' Opus 118. The second of them was reticent almost, but not quite, to the point of mildness: a line between modest affirmation and meek understatement was nicely drawn. Alberto Ginastera's Second Sonata, composed in 1981, had its New York première. It is an arresting and attractive ten-minute composition, in three movements, Bartókian in its crisp transformations of folk music. The outer movements are moto-perpetuo toccatas based on Aymara and Quechua dances and songs. In the central slow movement, an ecstatic love song from Cuzco, a *harawi*,

frames a *scorrevole* episode that (in the composer's words) "evokes the murmurs of the night in the lonely Andean punas." The singing of the *harawi* by the left hand while the right hand touches in resonances in a not quite parallel line high above, and both hands approach their melody notes through flickering ornaments, is a brilliant piece of ethnic transcription for the modern piano which cunningly creates microtonal illusions on the twelve-note instrument. (Ginastera's Third Piano Sonata, given its first performance last month in Tully Hall, by Barbara Nissman, is a four-minute toccata based on South American indigenous dances; "sonata" is too grand a title, but it is an exhilarating piece.)

The second half of Mr. Rodriguez' recital—three Rachmaninoff Preludes, Scriabin's F-sharp-major Sonata, a Granados Spanish Dance, and Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnol;" Debussy's "Ondine" and the "cimbalom" final episode of Liszt's Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody as encores—suggested a Horowitz program. It was played without Horowitz panache: not glitteringly, extravagantly, breathtakingly but with unobtrusive mastery and quiet lyricism. The Rachmaninoff and the Scriabin were beautiful. The Moszkowski, a flashy confection, needed more showmanship; it must be done dashingly or not at all. The second movement of the Scriabin and the Liszt displayed Mr. Rodriguez' self-effacing virtuosity to perfection. There was no piece on the program substantial and sustained enough to indicate whether he is more than a pianist of uncommonly high accomplishment and tenderly romantic instincts, but anyone who uses "gentle" as a term of high praise, and "assertive" as a pejorative, should enjoy him. He played a Baldwin instrument that can be reviewed in much the same terms: it was warm, unbelligerent, responsive, and very pleasing.

—ANDREW PORTER

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When can we start?

BOOKS

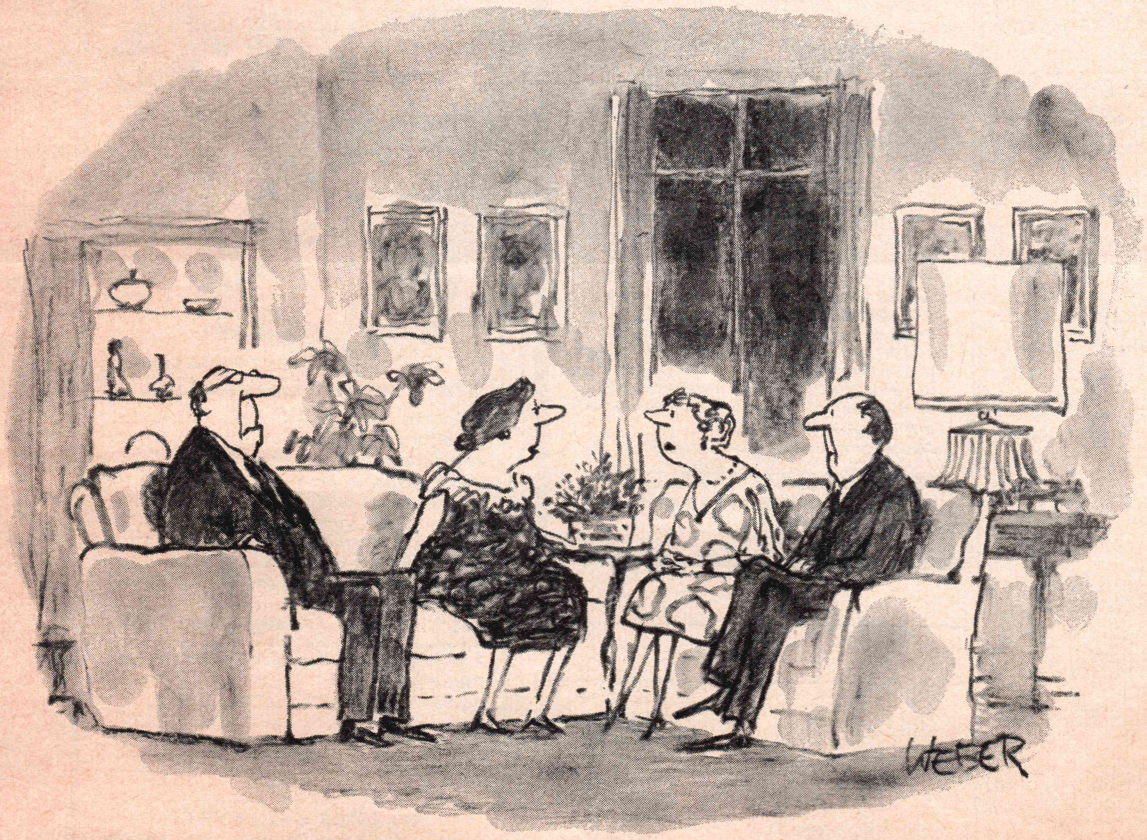
Albert Camus

ALBERT CAMUS is one of those writers who are idolized in their lifetime and then are trapped by their legend. Now he is neglected in France, though he is still admired in Great Britain and the United States. He was entangled in the fierce and barren quarrels about political and moral commitment during and after the Second World War, and allowed himself to appear as a hero of the Resistance from the beginning, though in fact he did not join it until eight months before the Liberation. He came to be thought of as a "lay saint" and as "the moral conscience of his generation." His famous novel "L'Étranger" ("The Outsider") seemed to put the bleak halo of Existentialism above his head, although, as he said and Sartre feelingly agreed, he was no Existentialist. His world-famous novel "La Peste" ("The Plague") passed as an allegory of the Nazi Occupation. He, indeed, said it was, and most readers of the time thought so, too. We can now see that the matter was more complex. In time, the hero from Algiers who believed in justice and assimilation for the poor Arabs disconcerted his admirers by siding with the *pieds noirs* against Algerian freedom. Camus was really a kind of liberal who had a lifelong horror of bloodshed, terrorism, and war. To the next generation of French writers, for whom the doctrine of political commitment has burned itself out, Camus has some interest because of his experiments in multiple narration and language. A new critical biography—"Camus," by Patrick McCarthy (Random House; $17.95)—attempts to sort out facts from prejudice. For Mr. McCarthy, Camus was no "saint" (though many saints have been as ambiguous and as devious as he was); a poor philosopher and no political thinker, his temperament being religious but not god-seeking; a wooden playwright and a fine novelist. It strikes me that Camus's real distinction is that of the mythologizing autobiographer, the essayist and probing talker; that the man himself is more interesting than his legend. In personal life, he had a spell that was half physical. Compared with the immensely well-educated, upper-middle-class Sartre, Camus is the proletarian and near-autodidact—part journalist, part artist, and, above all, the uprooted colonist, on his own. He was also an instinctive actor who was a collector of roles. Mr. McCarthy concludes:

> Camus' life was almost the opposite of what it seemed to his contemporaries: a long, losing battle against wars and terrorists, tuberculosis and fame. French Algeria, which had offered him instincts, passions and happiness, however tangled with poverty and prejudice, almost destroyed him along with itself.

The tuberculosis seems to have been responsible for his euphoric excesses, his sexual promiscuity, his gallows humor, and his obsession with death.

Camus was the son of an Algerian laborer of French descent who was killed in the 1914 war. The son had not known him. He *did* know that his father had been obliged to see a man guillotined, and that stuck in the mind of father and son. The mother was a charwoman of Minorcan descent, one of the thousands of poor workers of mixed Mediterranean races in the Algerian colony—a real *pied noir*. Camus was very proud of his Spanish connection, and as he grew up he cultivated the impassive Spanish pride and macho bearing. (However, note that the Minorcans were not Spanish but energetic Catalans.) The mother brought up her son in the slums of Belcourt, outside Algiers. She was simple and illiterate and was known for her stunned silences. The household, Camus said, was a speechless solitude. He saw her silence as an act of revolt against her life. Close to the home was the Arab slum, more wretched than their own. Camus said there were no words of affection between mother and son; he simply worshipped her. She became mythical in his eyes. It does not seem that Mr. McCarthy goes too far when he remarks that "their bond lay in their joint indifference, the badge of the suffering and the knowledge that they shared." Camus



"It's after ten. I'm afraid Aubrey's mind is officially closed."

For Martin Bernheimer

Music: Giulini's Beethoven Night

The Program

THE LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC, Carlo Maria Giulini, conductor; Carol Neblett, soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Robert Tear, tenor; Simon Estes, bass-baritone, and the Temple University Chorus. At Carnegie Hall.

Egmont Overture and Symphony No. 9.....Beethoven

By HAROLD C. SCHONBERG

CARLO MARIA GIULINI and the Los Angeles Philharmonic came to town last night bearing the Beethoven Ninth Symphony. It was the first of three concerts that they will be giving in Carnegie Hall on three consecutive nights. These concerts are in the nature of a celebration. The Los Angeles Philharmonic is celebrating its 60th anniversary season, and it has a new conductor as part of the festivities. Mr. Giulini took command of the orchestra when Zubin Mehta left it for New York.

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Before beginning the Ninth, Mr. Giulini presented his calling card in the form of Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture. He conducted it in a thoughtful, slow manner. His orchestra made elegant sounds for him, and the ensemble was perfect, but the interpretation was puzzling. There is after all a kinetic quality to the "Egmont" Overture, but Mr., Giulini was so intent on presenting Beethoven the Philosopher that the rugged side of the composer was completely ignored. Was the Ninth Symphony going to be in this style?

It was.

Mr. Giulini conducted a careful, slow-moving Ninth Symphony in which everything was carefully detailed. If nothing else, Mr. Giulini is a workman. He can get luminous sound from an orchestra, and he did last night. Climaxes were carefully judged, balances carefully weighed, attacks (well, most of them) right on the beat..

But for much of the symphony this listener had the feeling that Mr. Giulini was equating slowness with profundity. The excitement that a great performance of the Ninth Symphony can generate was curiously lacking. The opening of the last movement, for instance, was curiously bland. This apocalyptic opening, with the great B flat against D minor dissonance, had all the impact of a bowl of corn flakes.

Basically there was a lack of imagination to the performance. Nearly everything was correct, but the concentration on contour rather than content kept the music from achieving the kind of power that less-polished performances can summon up.

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A fine vocal quartet was assembled for this performance. Simon Estes sang the opening statement of the last movement with dignity and nobility. Carol Neblett, the soprano, used her big voice prodigally, and it soared over orchestra and chorus. There may have been a misjudged note or two, but the Beethoven Ninth poses all kinds of insane difficulies for the singers, and hardly anybody ever escapes unscathed. Robert Tear was the stylish tenor and Gwendolyn Killibrew sang the alto part with thorough musicality. The big Temple University Choir sang superbly. At the end, the audience stood and cheered. Mr. Giulini, after all, is a legend, and he has many friends here, who obviously got more from his interpretation of the Beethoven Ninth than this listener did.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1979

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, MAY 6, 1979

Music: Ravel and Debussy by Los Angeles Philharmonic

By RAYMOND ERICSON

Music by Ravel and Debussy made up the second of the three programs being given currently in Carnegie Hall by the Los Angeles Philharmonic under its new music director, Carlo Maria Giulini. Played on Friday night, it included the "Mother Goose" Suite and "Shéhérazade" of Ravel, with Frederica von Stade as soloist in the latter. Debussy was represented by the "Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune" and "La Mer."

It was almost too much of a good thing, since the four French works are all so delicately colored and highly perfumed. Even the fairly vigorous "La Mer" is dominated by its pictorial values rather than any strong rhythmic impetus. Yet the music profited from the conductor's particular style and it showed off the orchestra's virtues to a large extent.

Mr. Giulini is a very careful workman, out to extract every nuance to be found in a score. The performances were extraordinarily detailed, and the range of dynamics, from the softest pianissimos to the loudest fortes, gave the pieces their full dimension in terms of sound. The interplay of instrumental color was beautifully controlled, and there were occasional ravishing moments, such as midpoint in the last movement of "La Mer" when an almost total stillness surrounded a flute solo.

Given this particular program and the conductor's penchant for very slow tempos, the performances had their longueurs. The sensitively sculpted individual phrases were fascinating in themselves, but they were not always joined seamlessly. One became conscious, as the evening wore on, of a sameness in the overall interpretations.

The orchestra responded very well to Mr. Giulini's conducting, and among visiting American ensembles it stood out in one respect. Its string section, headed by the estimable Sidney Harth, had the edge in quality over the rest of the players. The woodwinds and brass, normally the virtuoso choirs, took a while to warm up and were not always that dependable.

Miss von Stade's singing of "Shéhérazade," although different in manner, was on a par with some of the past great performances of this gorgeous song cycle. Victoria de los Angeles was an utterly exquisite interpreter, for example; Jennie Tourel used her colorful voice with an unbelievable degree of nuance, and Janet Baker today brings the most human drama to it. Miss von Stade, strikingly handsome to look at and beautiful to hear, was all languor, producing some wistful, sighing phrases that evoked the whole exotic world of Tristan Klingsor's poems and Ravel's music. Supplied with perfect collaboration by Mr. Giulini and the orchestra, this was the high point of the evening.

Frederica von Stade

THE NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, MAY 7, 1979

Concert: Giulini Ends Visit

CARLO MARIA GIULINI, as most concertgoers are well aware, is a conductor of high musical principle. His program with the Los Angeles Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall Saturday night, the orchestra's third and final concert of its New York visit, was typical in its uncompromising earnestness: Mozart's "Don Giovanni" Overture, Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler" Symphony and Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony.

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Mr. Giulini's treatment of these three serious scores was also typical of his refined, aristocratic brand of music-making. He refused to be rushed — the "Eroica," in fact, lasted just over an hour. Textures were luminously clear, every important thematic phrase sang out eloquently, each interpretive idea was backed by the calm authority of a conductor who knows exactly what he wants and how to make an orchestra respond to his wishes.

The Hindemith symphony could scarcely have sounded more gorgeous, even if the Los Angeles winds and brass were not always precisely on the mark. Sometimes this music can have a slightly chilly, even academic flavor, but it never did on this occasion. The lyrically intense contrapuntal strands meshed flawlessly, the instrumental blend was superbly judged and the entire score glowed serenely with its own very special spiritual fervor.

Mr. Giulini's "Eroica" was a bit more controversial. Despite the measured pace and minute pointing of detail, this was hardly a "heroic" reading, and those expecting a big symphonic drama full of blazing kinetic energy were no doubt disappointed.

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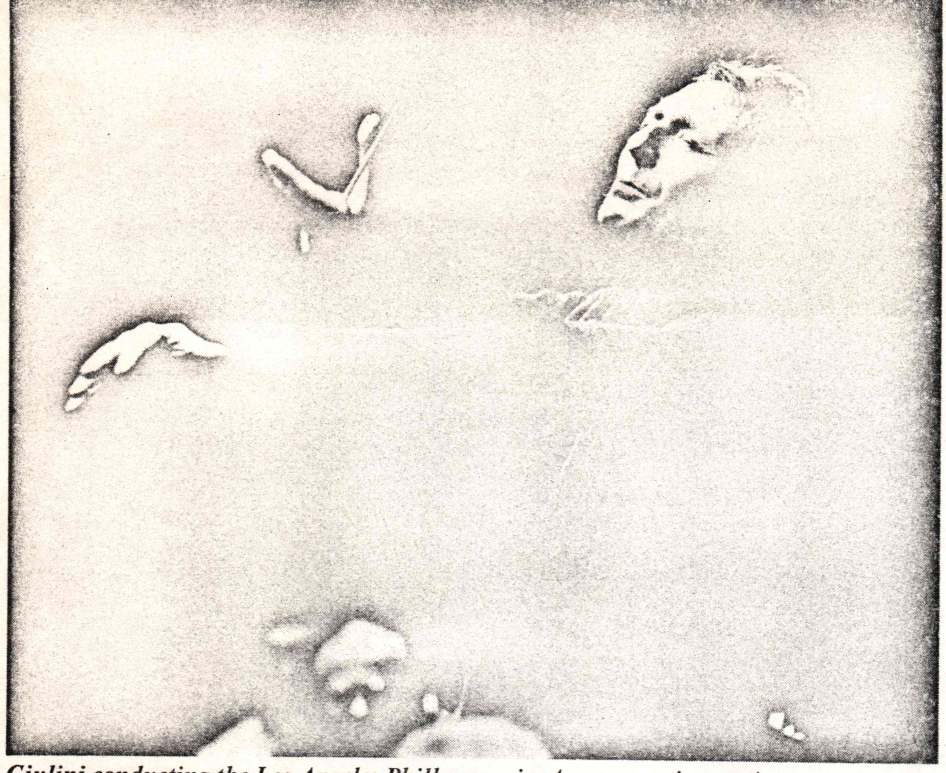
Instead, Mr. Giulini focused on the symphony's Classical elements, delineating the structure, tempos and the music's emotional weight with an almost delicate poetry, elegance and lucidity. This may not have been an "Eroica" that one would want to hear every day, but it was clearly founded on a musical impulse that had been deeply pondered. Taken on its own terms, the performance was a stimulating as well as a moving experience.

PETER G. DAVIS

Newsweek May 21, 1979



Giulini conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic: A morganatic marriage

APOLLO IN LOS ANGELES

MUSIC

NEWSWEEK

If you've got it, flaunt it, and the Los Angeles Philharmonic has been gleefully flaunting the new feather in its cap on its tour of the East and Midwest. That splendid ornament is the celebrated Italian conductor Carlo Maria Giulini, who last fall became the orchestra's music director after Zubin Mehta's departure for the New York Philharmonic.

It's been a strictly morganatic marriage between the aristocratic Giulini and the pop capital of America, but it seems to have succeeded brilliantly. An editorial in The Los Angeles Times has described the public response to Giulini as "rapturous." Giulini is no less enamored of Los Angeles. "It's not the same as *Hollywood*—that's a special concept. Besides, Hollywood has been a stronghold of a great cinematic art."

Well, he is the Hollywood image of a maestro: 6 feet 4 inches, slender as a gymnast, handsome as a prince and, at 65, looking a good ten years younger. Mehta, too, cut a striking figure, but he is an exuberant sort who met the personality cult at least halfway. Reserve is Giulini's stock in trade.

The musical contrasts between them could hardly be more plain. Mehta is Dionysian: a romantic fire-eater who revels in the sweep and spontaneity of the music. The Apollonian Giulini is the thinking man's musician, whose scrupulous attention to the smallest details endows his interpretations with a rare plasticity and sculptured grace. At the L.A. Philharmonic's recent performances in Carnegie Hall in New York, he brought a luminous clarity to the subterranean iridescence of such French works as Ravel's "Mother Goose Suite" and Debussy's "La Mer."

One reason for the lucidity of Giulini's interpretations is his penchant for deliberate tempos. In the "Funeral March" from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, every agonizing step was heard; but the pace never faltered and the total effect was cosmic. On the other hand, the performance of the Ninth Symphony was an intensely personal odyssey. For all his sensitivity to classic balance and proportion, Giulini is a passionate musician to whom the very act of conducting looms as a human challenge, an affirmation of the spirit. His Ninth was no reverent cultural icon but a battlefield of the human spirit, a pilgrim's progress, suggesting a Jacob wrestling with angels of doubt and despair before achieving exaltation.

NOTHING TO CHANCE: Whereas Mehta built the orchestra into a virtuoso instrument, Giulini has given it a new refinement and mellowness. "Zubin grew up with us," says horn player Ralph Pyle. "It's like seeing your son become President and you have to call him Mr. President instead of Junior. We would no more call Giulini by his first name than we would the Pope." Under Mehta, rehearsals were relaxed and joke-filled; Giulini is all business, leaving nothing to chance. Says violinist Harold Dicterow: "Mehta conducted according to his mood. With Giulini you know what's going to happen the first time—and the fifteenth time."

The blandishments with which Los Angeles lured Giulini included a sky-high salary, generous rehearsal time and, in this first year, just eight programs. "When I was young," he has said, "I needed time to study. Now, I need time to think." On the surface, for the man who once was principal conductor of both La Scala and the Rome Opera, Los Angeles may seem like Elba. But, points out Giulini, whose patrician manner exudes exceptional warmth, "Stravinsky, Bruno Walter, Schoenberg all lived in Los Angeles."

MATHEMATICAL LANGUAGE: In fact, he came because of the orchestra. "This is a young orchestra. They don't know what it is to give routine performances. And I, because of my age and my experience in life, have much to share with them." As a young violist in Rome, Giulini played under Willem Mengelberg, Walter, Otto Klemperer and Wilhelm Furtwängler, among others. Later, he became the protégé of Toscanini. "But," he says, "it's more than musical experience. I was in the war, in the front lines." When the Nazis occupied Rome, he went into hiding, emerging only to lead a concert that celebrated the city's liberation by the Allies. "The experiences of life must also be in the music."

Musing upon the job of conductor, Giulini says: "Music is a mathematical language. Two times one is two. But what is that *one?* How does a conductor decide what is *andante?* What means *piano?* Only the conductor can never practice on his instrument. Rehearsals are not for practice. Everything must be prepared before. Among musicians only the conductor produces a sound without physical contact with his instrument."

INSIDE: Despite his inherent elegance, Giulini on the podium is not especially graceful; indeed, sometimes his left arm hangs down as uselessly as a rag doll's. "I must tell you," he says, "that how or why I produce a sound in the orchestra, I do not understand. I know the sound I want. But I do not know how I get it. One thing I'm sure of, it's not technique. I have played under many conductors, some with small gestures, some large, some dancing on the podium, some still as statues—and the sound they got had nothing to do with their movements. The gestures are inside. When I conduct, I don't know what I'm doing with my hands. And I don't want to know. Because if you think you are wrong here" (he holds out his hands), "you are really wrong *here*" (he points to his head).

"I'll tell you a story," he goes on. "Once I saw myself conducting on television. And that night I conducted 'Il Trovatore' at Covent Garden. The lights went out, I raised my baton and suddenly another Giulini appeared over my shoulder, watching me, laughing at me. 'What are you going to do, television star?' he asked me. Those first five minutes were the worst I ever spent on the podium. What we must remember is that we are only ordinary men having to do with geniuses. What a privilege—and what a responsibility. We try to climb the topless mountain. We must keep trying, even though we never can arrive. Thank God."

HUBERT SAAL with ABIGAIL KUFLIK in New York

Music/Peter G. Davis

SAN CARLO

"...The Giulini mystique is a provocative north-south combination of Italian asceticism and Teutonic warmth..."

DURING **Carlo Maria Giulini**'S RECENT visit to New York with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, I was brought up short to hear people talking about him as some sort of newly elevated cult figure—a puzzling notion, since Giulini has been a widely admired and continuously visible presence on the international circuit for nearly 40 years. Of course, all senior conductors nowadays can scarcely help looking like high priests as they reverently re-polish the familiar icons of the nineteenth-century repertoire, and Giulini has always performed that ritual with more devotional gravity and modest self-effacement than most.

Then, too, there was the somber tone of the concerts—at least the first two in Carnegie Hall. Giulini clearly had his mind on serious matters, even for him: Brahms's *Tragic* Overture and *German Requiem,* Schubert's *Tragic* Symphony, and Bruckner's monumental unfinished Ninth Symphony. As those weighty scores unfolded before him, Giulini did resemble some sort of ascetic Italian divine as he leaned his spare body into the orchestral sound and cast beseeching looks at the musicians, the palm of his left hand cupped and trembling, begging for even more expressive intensity. Saint Carlo indeed. If this is how cult figures behave on the podium, we could use more of them, especially those who can conjure up performances of such eloquence.

Most conductors today are in one way or another descendants of Toscanini and Furtwängler—polar opposites, one embodying a fierce objective dedication to a composer's written score and the other searching for a subjective message beyond the notes. Giulini has somehow managed to strike a happy medium between these two extremes. Like so many Italian maestros—Cantelli, De Sabata, Guarnieri, and Toscanini from a generation ago, Abbado and Muti among the younger set—Giulini projects an aloof image of austere musical integrity. There is nothing icier than an aristocratic Italian conductor, but Giulini takes the chill off his chiseled performances with a liberal infusion of Teutonic warmth, and this provocative north-south combination makes his treatment of the romantic repertoire unique.

A listener can only wonder how this unusual amalgam came to be. Perhaps the experience of playing in orchestras led by Furtwängler and Klemperer infected the young Giulini with the Germanic spiritual mystique, inspiring him to investigate a range of expressive nuances and plasticity of phrase structure that most Italian conductors rarely explore. Giulini began his musical life as a violist, and that fact may partially explain the burnished, carefully graduated orchestral sonority that he has always encouraged. The texture he gets from his Los Angeles musicians seems to radiate from a strongly anchored source in the center of the orchestra, in part from the violas, which function as a middle voice between the violins and cellos. No matter what register extremes may be emphasized at any given moment during a Giulini performance, the ear always has the sensation of hearing a firm central core of sound that supports the entire sonorous structure.

Maestro: *Lyrical beauty from the L.A. Philharmonic.*

Whatever his secrets, Giulini passed minor miracles with the two Brahms scores. Most conductors of the Toscanini persuasion ask for biting attacks, X-ray clarity, and whiplash drama in the *Tragic* Overture. All these virtues were present to a degree in this interpretation, but they were tempered with a textural richness and brooding strength that increased the music's stature. The *Requiem,* on the other hand, flowed seamlessly, all seven sections immaculately woven into one elegant poetic statement: Rarely have I heard a conductor create so much shimmering lyrical beauty in every measure. Kathleen Battle's limpid soprano, Tom Krause's strong delivery of the baritone solos, and the mellow tone of the Westminster Choir helped make this performance unforgettable.

Occasionally, Giulini's deliberations do emerge with a suggestion of self-conscious piousness, sometimes to the point of interfering with the natural progress of the music. Over-reverence threatened to undo the young Schubert's C Minor Symphony, which sounded far more portentous and rhetorical than the composer probably intended. At a later concert in Avery Fisher Hall, too many storm clouds hung over Dvorak's sunny Symphony No. 8 despite the heartfelt singing tone, while Stravinsky's colorful *Firebird* Suite seemed positively shrouded in gloom. The same elements that worked less successfully for these scores coalesced magnificently in the Bruckner Ninth, a ruminative but always coherent performance of extraordinary dramatic power.

All through his long career, Giulini never regarded himself as an orchestra builder or trainer, and although the Los Angeles Philharmonic has become much more polished under his direction, it continues to be something less than a virtuoso ensemble. The upper strings often thin out dangerously at crucial moments, the overall instrumental balance can be a bit ragged at times, and disciplined attacks are decidedly not this orchestra's strong suit. Performances of sophisticated technical

Photograph by M. Evans.

for the stabbing of Adèle Mailer was surrounded by a hundred smaller acts of confrontation and emotional violence. Mailer was a disturbed man, cloaking his unhappiness in the language of existential quest. "Norman doesn't want people to be too comfortable when he's around," says José Torres. "Because of his ego he likes to intimidate."

During this period Mailer was also scrambling for position in the literary world. His standing as a novelist was in limbo, and few understood the new kind of public role he was carving out for himself. All this changed when he found a new voice and a responsive audience with his evocation of the Pentagon march in *The Armies of the Night*. As his career became one of the focal points of the sixties, a remarkable sense of dignity settled on his shoulders. He was the champ, he could feel it, he had left the pack behind. His personal charm, his noblesse oblige were enormous. The punk and street fighter gave way to the hardworking professional, the fake Irishman to the Jewish *père de famille*. (Mailer's continuing devotion to his mother, his children, and even his ex-wives makes for enlightening reading, at variance with his public image.) His later battles with feminists, with Gore Vidal, and with reporters who quizzed him sharply about Jack Abbott were throwbacks to an earlier self, the one at the end of the short fuse.

As Mailer gradually ceased being a public nuisance, he became the perfect insider, the anointed maverick, the licensed goad. Yet through the seventies his reputation declined. Readers grew tired of his old routines (he did, too), but those who wrote him off did not reckon on his phoenixlike resourcefulness or his seismic sensitivity to cultural vibrations. *The Executioner's Song* proved to be one of his watershed books. The first half was so riveting—and so free of Mailerian mannerisms—that it validated the whole notion of the nonfiction novel.

Mailer was Jewish enough not to believe in his great good luck. The self-conscious rebel of the fifties, contemplating the ruins of his literary hopes, had written, "The sour truth is that I am imprisoned with a perception which will settle for nothing less than making a revolution in the consciousness of our time." The Mailer of 1980 put it a little differently. The outsider's catlike wariness was still there—the shade of paranoia, the blatant ambition, the Jewish persistence. But a trace of modesty had developed along with a sense of humor. "The devil in me loves the idea of being just that much of a changeling," he said, enjoying his resurrection and his newfound style. "People think they've found a way of dismissing me, but, like the mad butler, I'll be back serving the meal." ■

"...Not one moment in the Met's brilliant *Parade* is less than magical..."

perfection are obviously not Giulini's first priority, as he probes for meaningful values beneath the surface, and the musicians generally respond eagerly to his rapt concentration and communing presence. For all the passing blemishes, these concerts often had an expressive urgency, a beauty of classical design, and a sense of artistic purpose—precious qualities that few orchestras in this country even attempt to cultivate.

Parade MUST BE THE MOST UNLIKELY smash-hit production ever seen at the Metropolitan Opera. This "Evening of French Music Theater," you will remember, consists of Satie's *Parade,* Poulenc's *Les Mamelles de Tirésias,* and Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges.* On the surface, all three pieces would seem to have little in common besides being intimate, elusive, and exquisitely French to the core, but the triple bill disarmed almost everyone lucky enough to see it two seasons ago. Apparently even the Met was taken by surprise at how successfully this mix-and-match combination worked, or the production would have returned long before now.

Since the Met never gives new operas, *Parade* may be the closest the company will ever come to making a truly original creative effort. It would have been simple enough to pick these three unusual works out of a hat, put them on the stage, and let it go at that. But John Dexter, who directed, and David Hockney, who designed the sets and costumes, saw a slender motif that could tie the evening together, and they have played variations on that delicate theme with real theatrical virtuosity. Satie, Poulenc, and Ravel were composers of extraordinary sophistication, but their musical personalities also had a strange childlike quality—their best music can be, as Virgil Thomson once said about Satie, as devastating as the direct statements of a child. Dexter and Hockney have cleverly seized on that notion to characterize and unify the evening.

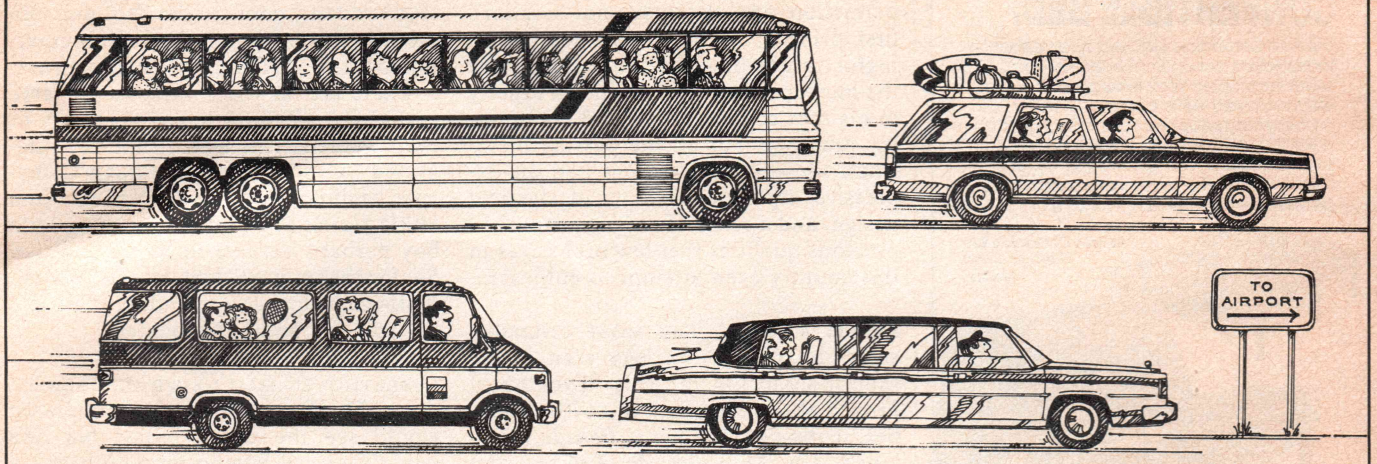
At the very beginning of the Satie circus ballet, Harlequin is seen guiding the child of Ravel's enchanted opera into a world of fantasy and make-believe, while toy blocks spell out the name of each composer. Similar subtle references from the nursery artfully crisscross from one work to another, although each segment retains its own special individuality. Poulenc's zany paean to parenthood, with its dizzy mixture of music hall and grand opera, seems to melt quite naturally into Ravel's tender tale of a naughty boy who learns a lesson of love when his abused toys suddenly come to life. Not one moment in this brilliantly conceived entertainment is anything less than magical.

There are no star singers in the large cast of *Parade,* nor are any necessary or even wanted. This was a superbly integrated ensemble effort, although Catherine Malfitano's delicious Thèrése and Hilda Harris as Ravel's captivating little boy perhaps deserve to be singled out. So, for that matter, does Manuel Rosenthal, who returned to conduct the triple bill stylishly and affectionately.

IF BEETHOVEN HAD NEVER DECIDED TO revise **Fidelio,** I wonder how often we would see the opera today. No one could ever call Beethoven a born opera man—after all, he only wrote one completed stage work, and even the struggle to put *Fidelio* into its final form did not produce an unflawed masterpiece. But when the original 1805 version was given a drastic overhaul in 1814, the composer improved his opera almost beyond recognition. Some musicologists would have us believe that the scores are equally valid, but the New York premiere of the first *Fidelio*—a Princeton University Opera Theatre production under the auspices of the Beethoven Society, in Tully Hall—argued eloquently for the composer's second thoughts.

Although the basic thematic materials of the score remain the same, Beethoven hardly left one measure unchanged. Essentially, he tightened the musical and dramatic focus. The first two acts, for example, were compressed into one by cutting out a duet, a trio, and many extraneous notes in the numbers that were retained. Sometimes the differences involve a telling alteration in melodic direction or orchestration. Other sections were completely reworked, as the ecstatic final scene, which garrulously meanders to a clumsy anticlimax in version number one. The only reason for putting this curio back on stage is to give a fascinating glance of Beethoven's compositional processes.

The best way to explore the 1805 *Fidelio* is by listening to a recording—a good one is available on the Arabesque label, featuring singers and an orchestra that give a reasonable account of the music. If the *Fidelio* we know presents formidable vocal challenges, the original asks for the impossible, and the cast of Princeton's earnest production only made a game stab. Peter Westergaard's perfunctory direction and awkward English translation also proved to be liabilities, although Michael Pratt, conducting a student orchestra, had the score well in hand.



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The Los Angeles Philharmonic Zubin Mehta, Music Director

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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

CARLO MARIA GIULINI WITHDRAWS FROM GUEST ENGAGEMENTS IN ORDER TO DEVOTE MORE TIME TO HIS RESPONSIBILITIES AS MUSIC DIRECTOR OF LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC

While in Los Angeles briefly the first week of December, Carlo Maria Giulini, music director-elect of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, announced that he has withdrawn from all guest conducting commitments in America and Europe until the end of 1980. These commitments, which included engagements with the Chicago Symphony, the Berlin Philharmonic, and the Edinburgh Festival, were made prior to his accepting the Los Angeles directorship. Mr. Giulini's final appearances with the Chicago Symphony, with which he has had a close relationship since 1955, will be in March 1978. The celebrated Italian maestro's decision is based on his view that in order to live up fully to his commitment and responsibilities to the Philharmonic, he needs to concentrate all his energies on his work in Los Angeles.

In his now-extended residency with the Orchestra -- approximately five months each year -- Giulini will have even more rehearsal time than originally planned; he will be with the Orchestra for more out-of-town concerts; he will develop special out-of-season concert projects and he will work on chamber music repertory with members of the Orchestra.

As part of their partnership, Giulini and the Los Angeles Philharmonic will be recording on the Deutsche Grammophon label, the first sessions being scheduled for November 1978.

Giulini's assumption of the post of music director of the Philharmonic follows immediately upon the close of Zubin Mehta's 16th year at the Orchestra's helm. Mehta becomes music director of the New York Philharmonic in October 1978.

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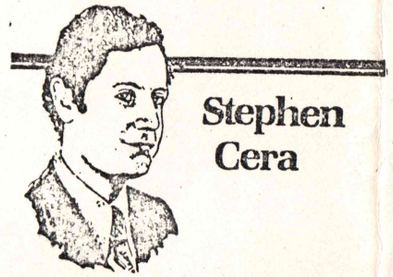
Los Angeles orchestra no longer a bridesmaid



Stephen Cera

Washington—For many years, the Los Angeles Philharmonic has been considered a bridesmaid to the "Big Five" American orchestras of Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, New York and Philadelphia.

Zubin Mehta, who was music director of the Philharmonic from 1962 until 1978, built the orchestra to the point where it challenged, if it did not quite supplant, any of the "Big Five."

One year ago, he left Los Angeles to take up his new post as music director of the New York Philharmonic.

His successor on the West Coast was Carlo Maria Giulini, one of the most admired conductors on the international scene.

Yesterday, Mr. Giulini and the Los Angeles Philharmonic performed in the Kennedy Center Concert Hall. For anyone who thought of this orchestra in second-rank terms, the event had to be a revelation.

Nobody could argue that the L.A. Philharmonic is the most letter-perfect orchestra. There were a few loose ends yesterday, the occasional bobble here or there, moments of less than spit-and-polish perfection.

Still, the blemishes never really got in the way. In each work on a demanding program, the orchestra played with an extraordinarily rich and powerful sound, consistent warmth and energy, and beauty of tone.

Beauty of tone happens to be one of Mr. Giulini's prime goals as a conductor, and yesterday afternoon the Los Angeles musicians gave it to him in each work on the program, Weber's Overture to "Der Freischutz," Hindemith's symphony, "Mathis der Maler," and Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica").

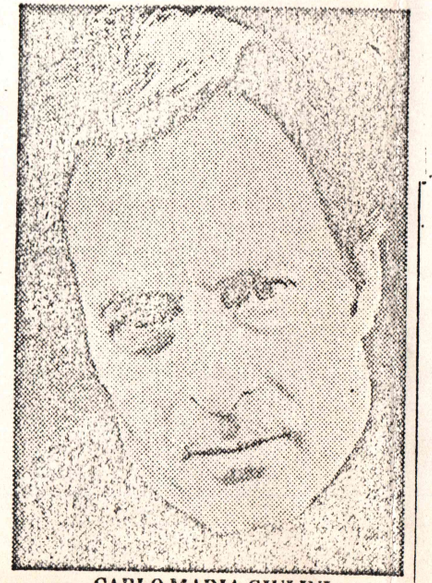
Mr. Giulini, of course, is one of the most inspired and poetic conductors alive. The 65-year-old Italian is rather spare in his gestures. Nothing is done for show, or for the benefit of the people sitting behind him. There is a sense that every motion communicates with special purpose to the musicians.

He directs his players as if he is one of them, leading from within, breathing alongside them. To watch him is to observe a musician who radiates lyrical feeling, warmth and intensity.

Not surprisingly, the Los Angeles musicians respond vibrantly to this kind of leadership. There is, apparently, no limit to what this partnership may achieve in the future.

Yesterday, each work on the program benefited from a beautifully proportioned, carefully worked-out Giulini conception.

In the overture, conductor and players conjured up Weber's brooding vision of the forests. The sounds of carefully blended horns gave way to string playing of irresistible exuberance in the coda. Nothing was left to chance—everything had been meticuously prepared, and needed only to be kindled by Mr. Giulini's personal spark at performance time.



CARLO MARIA GIULINI

In the Hindemith, the same Giulini hallmarks surfaced, the scrupulous attention to dynamic refinements, "cantabile," or "singing" style of phrasing, and stirring sense of drama.

The climax of the concert was the "Eroica," which Mr. Giulini views on a vast scale. He observes the first movement exposition repeat, which stretches this initial "Allegro con brio" to a full 21 minutes, and the symphony as a whole to just under 60 minutes.

Everything is perfectly poised and impressively detailed. The Los Angleles musicians explore an astonishing dynamic range which spans full-bodied pianissimos and exceptionally robust fortissimos.

There is no trace of fussiness or mucking about in Mr. Giulini's Beethoven. His "Eroica" is soberly planned, impeccably proportioned, and sings warmly at every turn. The "Marcia funebre," at 18 minutes, did not drag for an instant, and was marred only by the persistent hacking of one unmuffled cougher during the final pages.

The coiled-spring precision of the Scherzo, the poise of its "Trio," with beautifully controlled horns, the sparkle and energy and raw power of the finale, added up to an an "Eroica" which will be hard to forget.

Two chords before the end of the symphony, a goon near the front screamed "bravo!" Though he destroyed the effect of the culminating cadence of this epic score, it was easy to understand his enthusiasm.

After the two chords had sounded, the Kennedy Center audience rose to its feet.

The Los Angeles Philharmonic and Carlo Maria Giulini return to the Kennedy Center Concert Hall November 24.

Mark your calendars.

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Philharmonic concerts

Concerts by the Los Angeles Philharmonic can also be heard at 8 P.M. Fridays on WBJC-FM (91.5).

WBJC also regularly broadcasts concerts by other major American orchestras. Following is the schedule:

- Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, Mondays at 8 P.M.
- Cleveland Orchestra, Tuesdays at 8 P.M.
- Boston Symphony Orchestra, Wednesdays at 8 P.M.
- Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Thursdays at 8 P.M.
- New York Philharmonic, Sundays at 8 P.M.

The first recordings by Carlo Maria Giulini and the Los Angeles Philharmonic have just appeared on the Deutsche Grammophon label—Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica") and Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 1, with the young Polish pianist, Krystian Zimerman, as soloist. The catalogue numbers are 2531.123 and 2531.125, respectively.

BALTIMORE SUN, MAY 7, 1979

L.A. SYMPHONY LEAVES AMES ON LYRIC NOTE

By NICK BALDWIN
Register Music Critic

AMES, IA. — The Los Angeles Philharmonic was joined by the Iowa State University Festival Chorus at C. Y. Stephens Auditorium Tuesday night in a powerful performance of Mozart's Requiem.

Under the baton of Carlo Maria Giulini, this was the last of four programs during a festival series that inaugurated its 10th season Friday night.

The Tuesday all-Mozart program also featured Symphony No. 35 ("Haffner"), the most popular of the

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composer's early symphonies, and the overture to his opera, "Don Giovanni."

Again Tuesday, the Los Angeles Philharmonic presented its audience with music-making of high quality and polish within a musical context that well suited its particular talents. Elegance and clarity of ensemble playing is certainly among its special attributes and in turning to Mozart the musicians came to grips with a composer whose music demands elegance and clarity of execution.

In his rendering of the "Haffner," Giulini led his musicians in an interpretation wherein the brilliant athleticism as well as the lyrical sweep and nimble grace of this symphony were beautifully rendered.

More than Minuets

There is more to Mozart than graceful minuets and in Tuesday night's performance Giulini painted a marvelously satisfying picture where a rich and deep lyrical vein stood fully revealed.

With the boldness of the symphony's opening statement, which was delivered with power and crisp authority, Giulini served notice that this was to be a performance that would move forward at an elegant but forceful pace.

Without undue haste, but in a brisk and spirited manner, the music was made to reveal its many subtleties and to move from statement to statement with utter control and fluency.

Along with Giulini's delicate and sensitive way with the symphony's many witty passages, there was strength and logic to the overall construction so that the nobility of the whole was projected as well as fragile beauty of specific phrases.

The overture to the opera, "Don Giovanni," which opened Tuesday's program, was presented with bold, vigorous strokes that immediately established dramatic content. And here again Giulini presented Mozart in a strong light where grandeur and lyrical beauty coexist. The compelling and grandiose Requiem, with its marvelously dramatic and intense hymns of ecstasy and fear, were heard during the second portion of the program and it was performed in a moving and gripping manner.

Ringing Clarity

The Iowa State University Festival Chorus of 175 vocalists responded superbly and with a ringing clarity and expressive power that denoted long and careful rehearsals and sound musicianship.

In a singing ensemble as large as this one, it was quite surprising to hear the Latin text so clearly and sharply enunciated.

The soloists who appeared in the performance were first-rate professionals who added solemnity to the occasion. Soprano Faye Robinson, a native of Houston who has sung leading roles with the New York City Opera, was particularly impressive. Her voice, strong and lyrical, soars effortlessly and has marvelous warmth and beauty.

The others were mezzo-soprano Claudine Carlson, tenor John Aler, and bass Gwynne Howell, who has a beautifully resonant and dark-textured dramatic voice.

Robert Molison, director of choral activities at Iowa State University since 1974, deserves special recognition for bringing his large chorus to the point of producing a sound as disciplined and convincing as that of Tuesday night.

L.A. Symphony like meeting an old friend

By NICK BALDWIN
Register Music Critic

AMES, IA. — Sunday's matinee performance by Carlo Maria Giulini and the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra in C. Y. Stephens Auditorium was one in which the concertgoer was reintroduced to old friends.

Certainly, it would be hard to find among devotees of classical music anyone who is not thoroughly familiar with Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture, with Schubert's Symphony No. 8 ("Unfinished") or with Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" in the transcription by Ravel.

On the concert stage they are presented with at least as much frequency as any in the permanent

SYMPHONY REVIEW

repertory, and on disc they can be heard in numerous versions by the world's great symphonies.

Giulini and the Los Angeles Philharmonic rendered them in a manner that can perhaps be best characterized as elegant and expressively right.

The finale of the Mussorgsky composition brought Sunday afternoon's audience to its feet with its power and grandeur but it would be misleading to place undue emphasis on it.

After all it is a very theatrical piece and if the Los Angeles Philharmonic came through with a compelling and powerful sound it's no more than should be expected from a major symphony.

What is more distinctive of Giulini is a style of conducting that is not in the least flamboyant.

Unlike Zubin Mehta, whom he has succeeded as musical director in Los Angeles, Giulini's style, the Mussorgsky finale notwithstanding, is not extroverted.

Even though he is famous as an interpreter of opera, his approach to music is really quite restrained and sober though certainly not cold or uncommitted.

The performance of the "Egmont" Overture, with its majestic statements for violins, its dazzling fanfare for full orchestra at the end, was executed with force and drama but also with attention to proportion and balance and at a majestically measured tempo that some might find slow.

His rendering of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony was marvelously shaped to shed light on its brooding quality, on its easy flow of singingly lyrical passages.

There was a fluent forward motion as theme succeeded theme and as the musical canvas expanded and finally resolved itself; paradoxically, one was tempted to think that the conductor was standing aside to let the "Unfinished" speak for itself.

In Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," Giulini's special talents to expressively convey musical content were fully revealed as he led the orchestra in the performance of one of the most descriptive musical scores in the literature.

First written in 1874 as a suite for piano but best known to concertgoers in Ravel's orchestral transcription, the work was written as an attempt by Mussorgsky to convey in musical terms the impressions made on him by a posthumous exhibition in St. Petersburg that year of paintings by his friend, Victor Hartmann.

Giulini and the Los Angeles presented the musical tableaux in a manner whereby their delightfully ingenious and inventive descriptive quality was revealed in all its shifting moods and subtleties. Dialogues between sections of the orchestra and between orchestra and solo parts stood out in sharp and clear definition.

It takes big sound to put the finale across but it takes some first-rate playing on the part of sections of the orchestra and soloists. In this respect too the Los Angeles can hardly be faulted.

Whether it be in the strings, in the brasses, in the woodwinds, the quality was there and the result was a scintillating performance that never left the listener in doubt as to what the musicians were painting with sound.

At 8 p.m. tonight the Ames International Orchestra Festival Youth Symphony, conducted by Myung Whun Chung, will play Beethoven's Leonore Overture No. 3, Ludwig Spohr's Concerto for Clarinet No. 1 in C minor, with Iowa State University Professor Joseph Messenger as the soloist, and Dvorak's "New World" Symphony.

The festival ends with an 8 p.m. Tuesday performance by Giulini and the Los Angeles Philharmonic of the Mozart Requiem and Mozart's Symphony No. 35 (Haffner).

Des Moines Register
May 14, 1979

L.A. musicians are masters of The Big Effect

By JOAN BUNKE
Critic at Large

AMES, IA. — An evening of French Impressionist music such as Saturday's program at the Ames Festival is the perfect vehicle to demonstrate the style Carlo Maria Giulini is evolving in his first season as conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

In Saturday night's Debussy-Ravel program in C. Y. Stephens Auditorium, Giulini and company illustrated in sound-color how an orchestra and its music director can explore hundreds of little effects and synthesize them into one grand Big Effect.

MUSIC REVIEW

Their "La Mer" — Claude Debussy's presumably familiar symphonic seascape — was like no other "La Mer." As if newly minted, it revealed itself and its many nuances — unheard for how long by how many? — under Giulini's baton. His style is the antithesis of mechanical, his vision spacious and expansive, his manner that of the Impressionist painter, beginning with tiny points of color, amassing point upon point, then stepping back for the climax, the full picture, the Big Effect, created as if for the first time. Subtlety and power blended into the grand explosion of the first movement's high-noon climax and the finale, ending the contentious dialogue between the wind and the sea.

In the long, sinuous, evocative lines of Debussy's other familiar masterpiece, "Prelude a l'Apres-Midi d'un Faune," Giulini's wide-open but controlled style combined his characteristic flowing propulsion with the shimmer of Debussy's sensuous adventure in evoking the color of sound.

As with the other works on the program, the "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun" spotlights soloists. Los Angeles' principal players, especially its flute and oboe leaders, provided extraordinarily well-played insights into the soloist's scary but exhilarating art. Giulini, the orchestra en masse, and the soloists created a kind of vivid dream recollected in fevered tranquility out of Debussy's music to the Stepane Mallarme poem about a mythological half-man, half-goat who is confused about whether he spent an afternoon frisking with a forest full of nymphs or whether he simply dreamed the whole thing.

The program-opener, Maurice Ravel's delightful, child-enchanted "Ma Mere l'Oye" suite, let the elegant, restrained Giulini subtly demonstrate lyricism and tone colorations as the "Mother Goose Suite" stories spun out aural descriptions of sleeping princesses and the peregrinations of Tom Thumb, the plaintively beautiful conversation between Beauty (a waltzing clarinet) and the Beast (the gruff, grumpy contrabassoon), and the Big Effect finale in the flash and flare of color in Ravel's Fairy Garden. The shape of the thing obviously was planned, but the effect was as if this were all happening spontaneously.

The orchestra's assistant conductor, Myung-Whun Chung, was soloist in a brilliant, playful, thoroughly enjoyable performance of Ravel's Concerto in G for Piano and Orchestra. Written in 1930-31, the piece bears innumerable signs (and sounds) of the influence of American composer George Gershwin. Jazzy and bluesy by turns, it also meditates on a lyrical, melodic, contemplative theme in its middle "serious" movement.

Chung controlled Ravel's hectic, jazzy rhythms with ease, maintaining complete clarity through the rippling flow of the bluesy passages. He is at home with all of the elements of this light, entertaining, and thoroughly American piece by a French master, and so was the orchestra through its own excursions through Ravel's dipsy-doodling orchestral-jazz effects.

It was one of those programs where the total effect was more than the sum of its parts — a demonstration of an emerging new sound from the Los Angeles Philharmonic — individualistic and idiomatic, yet stamped with the mark of a conductor with a musical imagination that really welcomes audience listening participation.

— 20 year already in Chicago.
1st in U.S.

Reiner.

Viola = in Rome (12th) close friendship.

* Has conducted everywhere except Cleveland.

Mahler. (Is there an Italianate approach?)
Cannot say
Southern Tyrol = Mahler.
Its intellectual = lyrical
Much value in intensity of life.
absolute.

Ninth before?

Ans 1, 4, 9

next year.

Bolzano
Milano

Antwerpen = had just started.
was 1st.

How much time in Vienna = 4 or 5 programs a year
Does not want to conduct too much there.
+ 2 or 3 in Festwochen
Not MD, just conductor. (No organization) = Just
musical contact. (pb tours) – Orchestra started to
come together. ‖ Possible to do something very good. made
Elsewhere Conditions. – maybe in 2 years very high level
Slow progress = only 1½ years ‖ Very careful = only concern is
quality. ‖ Vienna very strange ‖ Obliged to be very strict.

Does not want – 6 weeks Chicago
next year only in Chicago. – No
more title.
(Does not want
a title.)

Why not tied down more

Plans — May - Missa Solemnis - London
Prague tour
Japan tour

Nothing in Italy. = disgrace.

Ann 32. Surgeon. Stefano
27 Alberto economist
23 Francesco student (medicine.)
Sardinia music - thank God.

Ambassador College

~~To the stage~~

~~Can't do it just on~~

Carlos - ~~music text~~ ~~fusion - unity - light~~ ~~Column like a wrong note.~~ ~~Reading.~~

~~Hesitant - Called to - 3 weeks before rehearsals~~

Linda Berlin Chicago

Opera?

~~Not for 5 years~~ - Next summer - Traviata records.

~~No time~~ -

~~Doesn't mix~~

Amato Domingo - Cossotto + Cappuccilli Raimondi

~~Wants to time a little. Cannot just conduct. needs 3 weeks to rest, to think. - I cannot do it. I give everything I have to music when I do it. Can't do that every day. Not more than 4 weeks at a time. Still a wonder - a miracle. I am so afraid. Every time. The great mystery that a true comes out. Can't do it like fixing headpost. Therefore lives to expedite life + love.~~

~~Lives human vocal~~

~~Interesting hand of God~~

Why left Chicago

~~= his conflict = hates concert gen. Uncle conductor~~

Wagner? = ~~Travel - theatre concept happens to underlay - divine concept of humanity. Maybe Meistersinger // Tristan //~~

Offer of US Orchestra

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63**82

May 4, 1973

GEORG SOLTI
MUSIC DIRECTOR
JOHN S. EDWARDS
GENERAL MANAGER
KENNETH UTZ
DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:

Carlo Maria Giulini, former Principal Guest Conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, will return to conduct the Orchestra on Wednesday, June 13, 1973, in a special benefit concert sponsored by The Women's Association of the Chicago Symphony. The concert at 8:30 p.m. in Orchestra Hall will be the highlight of a gala evening that will begin with dinner in the Palmer House and conclude with a reception honoring Maestro Giulini in Orchestra Hall.

The first half of the program will feature Rossini's Overture to "Semiramide" and Debussy's "La Mer." After intermission, Mr. Giulini will conduct the Orchestra in a performance of Brahms' Symphony No. 4, E minor, Opus 98, which he recorded with the Chicago Symphony for Angel Records. Mr. Giulini, who has been appointed conductor of the Vienna Symphony starting next fall, most recently led the Chicago Symphony during four weeks of subscription concerts last fall.

The festive benefit evening will begin in the Palmer House, State and Monroe Sts., with a cash bar at 5:30 p.m., followed by dinner in the Grand Ballroom at 6:30 p.m. The champagne reception in Orchestra Hall will take place at the conclusion of the concert (about 10:30 p.m.). Mrs. John T. Snyder, Jr., and Mrs. Paul A. Florian III, both of Winnetka, are serving as co-chairmen of the benefit for The Women's Association.

Other members of the benefit committee are: Mrs. W. Newton Burdick, Jr., of Northfield, patrons chairman; Mrs. Robert S. Ruwitch, Northbrook, and Mrs. John C. Kern, Hinsdale, co-chairmen of finances; Mrs. H. Stanley Wanzer, Chicago, and Mrs. Lester Crown, Wilmette, publicity; Mrs. Lawrence F. McClure, Highland Park, design and decorations; Mrs. Richard J. Brashler, Geneva, and Mrs. Norman Vance, Jr., Highland Park, invitations and reservations; Mrs. A. Harris Barber, Jr., Winnetka, tickets and sales promotion; Mrs. Edward F. Seaton and Mrs. James J. Brown, Jr., both of Winnetka, dinner co-chairmen; and Mrs. J. Dennis Freund, Chicago, reception chairman.

Ticket prices for the concert are: Main floor (rows A-D), $7.00, (rows E-Q), $25.00, (rows R-W), $15.00; Lower balcony, $25.00; Upper balcony, $15.00; Gallery, $7.00; Box Seats, $50.00 each. Tickets will be on sale four weeks before the concert by mail order, and three weeks prior to the concert at the Orchestra Hall box office. All proceeds from the evening will be used for the benefit of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

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PM-Philharmonic-Giulini,200

LOS ANGELES AP - Carlo Maria Giulini says he will cancel many of his worldwide commitments when he takes over for Zubin Mehta as music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic next season.

"I will cancel all my tentative commitments as guest conductor with the Berlin Philharmonic, the Edinbugh Festival after this summer, the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam - all but with this orchestra in Los Angeles," Giulini said in an interview Wednesday.

Giulini's three-year contract with the Los Angeles Philharmonic calls for producing eight

Part IV

DC

Use in Music News

Find out how the cancellations will impact CA

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730

FM-Philharmonic-Giulini,200

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? to nine separate programs each season and will include short tours through California.

In May 1979, Giulini will take the Philharmonic on an East Coast tour.

The new music director expressed regret at ending his 23-year association with the Chicago Symphony, saying of his co-workers, "We have become more than colleagues in all these years. They have great concentration and we have developed a great rapport, an understanding."

But he said he was hopeful of developing the same sort of relationship in Los Angeles, where he has conducted twice before.

"I have come here for auditions and just had a warm, friendly meeting with the orchestra committee," Giulini said. "I told them when we add one musician, it is not just to add one more body, but like a transfusion, always to inject new blood, new strength."

12-08-77 03.58aps

Krystian Zimerman — Polish

"The result of them cannot be determined yet.
As much as it can, this will increase his subscription prices here

No chicago entirely his decision

busy as much time as possible here

First recording w/ GMF - Nov 78 for DGG
music — "Eroica"
Chopin Concerto
w/ Christian Zimerman

(Chopin Prize)

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12-08-77 93.58apa